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Jno. M. Grady

MEMORIAL

OF

The Rev. John Mitchel Grady

BY

The Alumni Association

OF

MANHATTAN COLLEGE

NEW YORK

CHRISTMAS MDCCCLXXXIX

Printed for Private Distribution

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In Memoriam

Joannis Mitchel Grady

COLLEGII MANHATTANENSIS ALUMNI

DIŒCESEOS NEO-EBORACENSIS SACERDOTIS

Qui natus IV ante Idus Martii A. D. MDCCCLI

E vita in coelos migravit in festo die Natalis Domini A. D. MDCCCLXXXVIII

"Beati Mortui qui in Domino Moriuntur."

In Memoriam

Joannis M. Grady.

Tibi amice dilectissime hunc libellum dicamus. In eo verba prædicatoris quæ in exequiis tuis celebrandis pronuntiavit legere est. Ibi quoque vitæ tuæ historias breves ab amicis tuis peramanter exaratas. At vero tibi longe jucundissima quæ ab alumnis Almæ Matris tuæ Manhattanensis in memoriam et laudem decreta sunt juvat imprimis recensere. "Flores enim purpureos" cordis et lilia sententiarum quæ sparsa sunt ad animam tuam cumulandam donis hic colligere et in æternum conservare cupimus. Nec ita nos munere inani fungi putamus. Verba enim ex corde sata sæpissime sunt semina rerum. Inde solatium dolori; inde stimulus laboris.

Ab alumnis igitur ubi in unum conventum est, et quæstio orta quid te dignum in honorem, quid nobis studiosis, alumnis, sacerdotibus agendum, omnibus visum est te hoc opusculum nostrum probaturum.

Vix enim te mortuum esse nobis suadere et sentire est: te in flore ætatis, te vultu, voce, virtutibus sacerdotem vere regalem, amicum vere fidelem, de quo paucis abhinc diebus gloriabamur. Haud mirum nobis esset te rursum inter nos introeuntem videre, te ore facundo loquentem audire, te, uti mos erat et fas, nostrorum cœtuum præsidem creare. Tibi quid gratum ergo ac si adhuc inter vivos offerre in mente est. Nihil certe nostro amore majoris pretii tibi erat, et ecce dolor et verba lacrymis precibusque plena. De Catholica educatione præsertim in collegio bene meritus es. Hæc tibi valde ex corde erat, et propterea tui memores effusis jam lacrymis ad hanc maxime promovendam præmium quotannis tuo in nomine studiosis optimis proponere statutum est. Vale, longum vale, amice omnibus dilecte, et hoc opusculum nostrum tuo sit animo gratum!

Rev. J. P. McClancy.

Introduction.

It is the wish of the Alumni Association of Manhattan College that this little volume be at once a token of the deep and lasting affection of its members for him who has deserved so well of them, and a memorial of the worth of him who commanded respect as a priest, an orator and a man. In its pages loving hearts have told the story of his life, his labors, his virtues, his early death. Like a many-sided, rich-hued prism, its gleaming facets, cut and polished by the hands of those in deep sympathy with him, reveal him to us as he was, a true man and a faithful priest. And we are glad to note that even when we have placed side by side the independent tributes of many friends, showing him as seen from different points of view, all are at one in bringing him before us as we love to remember him in life, genial, pre-eminently cour-

teous, truly scholarly, elegantly cultured, deeply pious, lovingly zealous. It is impossible for us to know how many hearts his gentle, winning manner has brought nearer to God; it is not practicable to estimate the influence of his studious habits and of his accurate knowledge in the formation of the many bright, earnest minds that came in contact with his, and that saw religious truth in its most attractive form exemplified in his life. Those young minds that grew warm and gave out their latent heat under the kindly influence of his genial smile are now out upon the sands of the world's arena, fighting for the Truth and sustained by their knowledge of it; and they must now and then look back with affectionate thankfulness to him who, in the economy of grace, won their minds and hearts to its cause. It is right to perpetuate the memory of this priest and brother; it is right to preserve the story of his life for the admiration and imitation of those that shall come after him. Israel builded monuments, so that, when the children should ask "what mean these stones?" the elders might tell of the great men

of old and their mighty victories over the enemies of God's people. So have we builded this monument, that, when our younger brothers shall ask "what meaneth this?" even though our lips be cold and gray in death, its pages may tell them of the gentle, learned, pious defender of the Temple of God, JOHN MITCHEL GRADY, who in the flower of his age was cut off and fell—not

> "Like drooping flowers that no man noticeth,
> But like a great branch of some stately tree,
> Rent in a tempest and flung down to death,
> Thick with green leafage."

Obituary.

The Christmas bells were ringing out merrily at high noon the tidings of great joy to all men, and hearts were glad in the golden light of that glorious day, when, as a minor chord in the swelling fugue of praise, as a threnody in the joyous pealing of the chimes, came the sad news of the death of JOHN MITCHEL GRADY. To those who knew him best, earth took on a sadder hue: or was it that the bright sunshine grew into the mellow light of evening, the light that makes hearts pensive, because it brings the knell of parting day? They would miss him, those friends of his; miss his cheery smile, his kindly greeting, the firm grasp betokening friendship that could withstand the storms and buffetings of a lifetime. They would miss the pleasant conversations, always full of the rich fruit of a refined and cultured mind.

There was deep pathos in his death. The ashen-hued goddess claimed him as her own, just as friends breathed easier to think that he was safe after a month's hard struggle. He had come, apparently in the full vigor of his manly prime, annoyed only by a trifling indisposition, to preach to men the heroic virtues of the sainted Cecilia. His words had been received with rapt attention; perhaps they were tinged with the persuasive mellowness that approaching death often brings unnoticed. Then the strong man lay down with the consciousness that a mortal disease had fastened on his frame, and that the struggle was to be for his life. Early in his illness, in accordance with a determination frequently repeated, he asked for the last sacraments of our Holy Church, and received them with fervor and with faith at the hands of his warm friend, the Rev. M. J. Phelan, whose guest he was. Conscious of approaching death, with the crucifix, the symbol of his hope, and the lighted taper, the mark of his faith, held firmly and lovingly in his hand, surrounded by his sorrowing relatives, to whom his death came with the awful shock of unexpectedness, he listened to the majestic prayers

for the dying, heard the summons to go forth upon his journey from this world, knew that he was near to death, and that Jesu was calling him; knew it not alone "by the token of this faltering breath, this chill at heart, this dampness on his brow," but by that "new feeling, never felt before, this strange, innermost abandonment, this emptying out of each constituent and natural force by which he came to be." And while within the shadowed chamber sorrowing friends prayed their "*Subvenite*"; while in vaulted cathedral and humble church throughout the great city rang the swelling tones of the "*Gloria in Excelsis*"; while in the warmth of the glad sunshine hearts were raised in thanksgiving to God, "the visitant" knocked "his dire summons" at the door, and in answer thereto, peacefully and without a tremor, the soul of JOHN MITCHEL GRADY passed into the veiled presence of his God. The beauty of such a death can be realized only by those who know the blessedness of them who die in the Lord.

Then went forth the sad message to his countless friends; and the Vesper hymns of many on that Christmas Day, 1888, breathed a fervent prayer for

the repose of that dear soul. Then in public press and in private circles came the words of eulogy, of approbation, of sympathy with the mourners, all bearing testimony to his worth. We reproduce this notice taken from the *Catholic Review*.

"The Rev. JOHN M. GRADY passed to his eternal reward on Christmas day. He was most widely known as the able and energetic president of the Catholic Young Men's National Union. In this high office Father GRADY displayed the solid qualities of mind and heart that had long before won him the love and admiration of hosts of friends, as well as the prayers of the parishioners of the parish of the Annunciation, Manhattanville, to whom he ministered for the first ten years of his priestly life. Among none did his words, always spoken with the earnestness and eloquence characteristic of him, bear richer fruit than among the collegians of Manhattanville, who saw the teachings of Holy Mother Church exemplified in the daily life of the priest. Father GRADY has happily fulfilled the noble destiny marked out for him when he bore away the highest honors of his *Alma Mater*. A touching remembrance of the dead priest was the appropriate and beautiful address which he, as president of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, delivered at the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of our Holy Father, in January last, at Chickering Hall. Thank-

ing his Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, on behalf of the societies of the National Union, for his presence at the demonstration, Father GRADY eloquently and powerfully gave expression to the sentiments of devotion with which the hearts of Catholic young men were swelling towards the Supreme Pontiff at this happy time. Though his voice is hushed in death, yet his example will live for all time in the wide circle of friends to whom he was endeared by his piety and brilliancy, and who looked up to him as a beautiful type of the priesthood."

It is pleasant, too, to be able to place here this estimate of his character from the pen of Dr. C. M. O'Leary, once a teacher and always a friend of Father GRADY.

"Not often, indeed, does the loss of one man produce a grief so sincere as that which filled the hearts of the Catholics of New York when the sorrowful announcement reached them that the good, eloquent, and pious Father GRADY was no more. All agreed that the great reaper had rarely used his sickle to a sadder purpose than when it cut down this young and vigorous ecclesiastic at a moment when his life had been made brightest by a sense of duty hitherto fulfilled, and when it was buoyed up by the hope that many years were still in store for him to be doing the blessed work of the vineyard.

"But it seemed otherwise to the Divine Master, who called him away ere the sweat and dust of the conflict had gathered on his brow, and bade him share the reward that is usually bestowed on those who have worn themselves out in the good service, and have purchased the happiness of heaven by years of suffering and of toil. In so far it may be said that his death was happiest for himself, since he died in the Lord while the bloom of early manhood was still fresh upon him, and before his heart had been stretched out upon the rack of this rough world. But the Church, whose gentle and loyal minister he had been, and his numberless friends, who loved him dearly for his many noble qualities of head and heart, will miss him sorely and will continue to revere his memory long years after the turf shall have grown green above his grave.

"The essential feature of FATHER GRADY'S character was manliness, thorough and complete. As a boy he was manly beyond his years, and was never known to plead minority as an excuse for misconduct. For this reason he was always a leader among his companions, whom he seemed to dominate not so much by rugged ways and a harsh demeanor as by his very heartiness and an abundance of animal spirits. Indeed, so far from being rough, he was gentleness itself towards the weak, and never asserted the power of his tongue or of

his arm during school-boy days, except in championing the cause of the defenceless against those who strove to bully or to bluster. Like most school-boys to whom nature has been prodigal of her gifts, he never shone on the roll-call of assiduity and industry, but so keen was his intelligence and so sure his judgment that he was always *facile princeps* among his companions when examination day came round, or when he was called on to cross swords with them in debate. As a student his tastes lay chiefly in the direction of literature and philosophy, and though he never entirely disdained to filch a part from the solid day in turning over the pages of a popular novel, while stretched beneath some figurative arbutus, still he chiefly sought after wholesome and substantial food for his mind, and he stored away in those sunny days of youth much of that instructive and suggestive thought which afterwards so often and so happily flashed through and glowed in his sermons. As a debater he was always keen and alert, and embarrassed his adversaries by taking quick advantage of loose or inaccurate statements. But what chiefly helped him in debate was his unalterable good humor and consequent self-possession, for in the very torrent and tempest, as it were, of discussion, he was ever ready to seize upon the ludicrous and to turn the tables on his opponent with a laugh. He fully understood the

value of logic, and he studied the dialectics of Aristotle with ardor and discrimination. Hence his writings and public speeches were strongly marked with argumentative forms, as though he constantly expected a challenge to his statements. This same logical disposition imparted a scholarly turn to his conversation, and compelled the respect even of those who might feel inclined to differ with him in opinion.

"His love of logic and his taste for metaphysics already seemed to mark him out for the holy calling in which he was destined subsequently to shine, though as a young man he had not fully determined upon entering a clerical career. But it was not altogether as a bright scholar and a youth of quick, correct intuitions that he left behind him in Manhattan College, the dear mistress of his youthful affections, the strongest and most enduring title to the appellative of fond and cherished son. He was at once genial and sympathetic, and shed the light and warmth of his generous heart on all sides. His character was smooth and rounded, without gaps and without angularities—*totus teres atque rotundus;* and it was this evenness, this sustained consistency of temper and this well-balanced play of his moral faculties, that made him beloved of his masters and companions alike, and left behind them in his *Alma Mater* a lasting fragrance—a fragrance all the sweeter now, in-

deed, that the poor vase itself has been shattered.

"These same qualities, deepened and matured by years, lent to his later life all the attractiveness of which it was the centre, and enhanced its usefulness beyond that which marks the lot of the majority. The ripe fruit and rare flower of these qualities was that manliness of which I spoke, a manliness that gave a color and emphasis to his whole life and made its tenor potent for good. Had not this robust virility predominated in Father GRADY'S character, he would have yielded to the tenderness of an unusually sensitive heart and have become the victim of weakness through excess of sympathy. It was this manliness which often made him dash the tear from his eye when his sensibilities were too keenly aroused, and to hide beneath his well-known genial smile the sob or the sigh which pity for the afflicted was ever on the point of wresting from him. Indeed, to extend the voice of sympathy wherever his words were calculated to do good, or to stretch out the hand of succor where more substantial relief was required, was the delight of his heart and the chief charm of his life. But this he loved to do quietly and unostentatiously, shunning the credit which the unco good delight in. For the same reason he forbore to garnish his conversation with pious platitudes or allusions, deeming religion almost too sacred a thing to drag into the fleeting talk of the moment.

But that he was a profoundly and sincerely religious man has ever been the verdict of those who had the happiness to have spiritual dealings with him. In such dealings the full fervor of his religious nature revealed itself, and then it was perceived that he had amply feasted at the banquet of the saints and had saturated his soul with the spirit of the great ascetic writers of the Church.

"In things spiritual he was sensitive, sensible, and sympathetic, for he understood human nature thoroughly, and knew all the tortuous routes by which the human heart is reached.

"Above all things, and before all things, he was a priest, exemplifying sacerdotal dignity by the decorum and sobriety of his demeanor, and exhaling the sweet and subtle aroma of the ecclesiastic at each and every moment of his life. By a happy exercise of judgment his superiors sent him to preach the word in the very spot where he had learned to breathe its spirit, and as to Manhattanville he owed the first lispings of knowledge, so Manhattanville became the recipient of his pious ministrations. For more than ten years he dwelt beneath the roof of a wise and congenial friend, to whom he became endeared by every fond tie that can bind one gentle heart to another. Father Griffin was the wise counsellor and guide whom the young levite of twelve years ago first appreciated and understood, and afterwards loved and

revered. And to-day, outside of the immediate circle of his family, there is no one who more keenly regrets the loss of the whole-souled and sunny nature that has left us than the rector of the Church of the Annunciation, Manhattanville, the intimate companion of so many years. Father GRADY'S priestly zeal and piety stand in need of no tribute from this pen. Whatever was the cause which seemed to him to be at all contributive to the spiritual welfare of his fellow-Catholics, that he espoused with alacrity and zeal, and strove to promote by every means within his reach. Hence he prominently identified himself with the Catholic Young Men's National Union, and by his earnestness and sagacity largely contributed to its success. Mutual benevolent societies, sodalities, and confraternities were the special aim of his priestly solicitude, for he possessed in an eminent degree the organizing sense and the ability to administer, and he likewise felt that the cohesive power of organization was the only bond which could keep young Catholics united, and that concert of action alone could give permanent value to their endeavors.

"While he thus set before him as the chief aim of his life the welfare of men's souls and the prosperity of the Church through which that welfare was to be accomplished, he by no means neglected the improvement of his own mind and the cultivation of those amenities by which life is

sweetened and refined. He was a man of pure and correct tastes and dearly loved the beautiful in literature and art. His devotion to the college where he had spent the bright years of his youth was well known and often attested. He was conspicuous among the founders of the Alumni Society of Manhattan College, and its president for a number of years. Indeed, it was chiefly owing to his tact and good management that this flourishing body tided over the first precarious part of its existence and gained the solid footing on which it stands to-day. And just as Father GRADY loved and respected the Christian Brothers, who had been the guides and counsellors of his youth, so did the Brothers ever hold him in the warmest affection.

"He died as he had lived, calmly and fearlessly, a true soldier of Christ. He knew that they who sow in tears shall reap in joy, and that for those who have run the race and fought the good fight weeping shall be turned into exultation. Though his years were few in number, he compressed the work of a long life into them, and went to his eternal home bringing his sheaves with him."

Immediately after his death the various organizations at the head of which he had been, assembled and passed resolutions indicative of their sorrow.

We insert here those adopted by the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, Branch No 78, reserving for the present those of the Alumni Association of Manhattan College, and of the Catholic Young Men's National Union.

"RESOLUTIONS IN MEMORY OF THE REV. JOHN M. GRADY, CHANCELLOR OF BRANCH NO. 78, CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

"WHEREAS, The Rev. JOHN M. GRADY, an honorable and active member of Annunciation Branch 78, C. M. B. A., died on Christmas Day, 1888, fortified by the sacraments of the Holy Church, and is sincerely mourned by the people for whom his life was spent, and

"WHEREAS, From the establishment of Branch No. 78 until his death Father GRADY was an enthusiastic promoter of the best interests of our Association, an exemplary priest, a Christian gentleman, a true friend, whose beautiful life reflects credit on our whole membership; therefore, be it

"RESOLVED, That we, the members of Branch No. 78, give this public expression of the profound and heartfelt sorrow with which we have received the intelligence of the death of our dear reverend brother and friend; and be it

"RESOLVED, That we extend to the family of our deceased brother and Chancellor this expression of

our deep and sincere sympathy with them in their great affliction.

THOMAS F. MCAVOY, President.
JOSEPH J. REILLY, Secretary."

Obsequies.

On Thursday, December 27, 1888, the Rev. M. J. Phelan said Mass over the remains of Father GRADY, which were lying in state in the Church of St. Cecilia. On Thursday evening the body was conveyed to St. Patrick's Cathedral. Numbers of people thronged the broad aisles on Thursday night and Friday morning, seeking to get a last look at the face that was so beloved.

At nine o'clock on Friday morning, December 28, a choir of about one hundred and seventy priests, vested in cassock and surplice, began the solemn chanting of the Office of the Dead, under the leadership of the Rev. Anthony Lammel, of St. Joseph's Church, and the Rev. John A. Kellner, of the Cathedral.

At ten o'clock a solemn Mass of Requiem was sung by the Rev. M. J. Phelan of St. Cecilia's Church, N. Y., assisted by the Rev. William L.

Penny, of St. Ann's Church, Nyack, as deacon, the Rev. John J. Gallagher, of the Church of the Annunciation, as subdeacon, and the Rev. James W. Kelly, of the Cathedral, as master of ceremonies. His Grace Archbishop Corrigan occupied the throne and was attended by the Right Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V. G., the Very Rev. John M. Farley, and the Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, D. D.

At the close of Mass, the Very Rev. Dean Mooney, of St. Patrick's Church, Newburg, delivered the following funeral oration.

"'Life,' it is somewhere said, 'is filled with contrasts.' How true the saying; though how hard and, at times, bitter the fact! At a season and on the morning that ushered in once more the dawn of the world's brightest day, when the gladsome tidings that its new-born King had come were thrilling again the souls of men, the shadow of a great sorrow, deep and darksome, fell on a bereaved family, on a bereaved congregation, and on many another heart that stirred in sympathy, quickly responsive to friendship's claims in that sad hour. The day that opened up glorious with the promise of hope, of life, of regeneration to a fallen race and to a despairing world, was to go down, with the promise kept, indeed, but to poor human vision shrouded in the

gloom of death. The lips that would have told so well, as they often did tell, the wondrous story of Bethlehem's night are closed to speak no more; the hands that would have been willing, eager instruments to renew the event of Bethlehem as well as that of Calvary lie cold and still; and the heart that would have beaten high with faith and love and holy joy now sleeps the sleep that knows no waking.

"No mistaking here the presence of the pathetic. And the memories of Christmas serve but to emphasize it. 'Occasions there are,' it has also been said, 'when the only fitting language is the mute language of the heart. Times there are when words lose their meaning and become unreal, when speech but frustrates its own object.' It is when the heavy hand of affliction has smitten us; when the sword of sorrow has pierced us; when death has entered and snatched a loved one from our midst.

"Oh, the vanity of human consolation in such a moment! Oh, the helplessness of human language to be aught else than an intrusion! And in such an hour, what is there for poor human nature, if left to itself, but to sink to the ground in the very abandonment of its grief, and with the waves of despair closing over it, and the clouds of darkness gathering around it, to see the very heavens themselves become as walls of brass to shut out the light and the peace and the hope forevermore? But, thank God, it is not left to itself. Thank God, for

He it is who comes in the direst moments of existence to rescue us from our own sad reflections, to rescue us from our own miserable thoughts. He it is who utters the words that ring in our ears with a melody sweeter far, holier far than angel lisped or seraph hymned—that sing in our hearts the low sweet song His own very Spirit first intoned. He it is who puts to flight the phantoms which our own helplessness has conjured up; lifts up the burden that with crushing weight is pressing down on life, and with gentle touch and holy inspiration begets the throbs and pulsations of a new life within us; for has He not said: '*I am the resurrection and the life . . . Every one that believeth in Me shall not die forever*'?

"A boy of this city, born in one of its Catholic homes, reared and nurtured amid the hallowed surroundings and ennobling influences of a Catholic household, the son of parents who gave him what they themselves had received as their most precious inheritance—the peerless gift of the faith of their forefathers—strange would it be if these attendants of the springtime of life did not mould and dominate the career which was to follow. A bright, intelligent, manly boy, with an intellect keen, quick, and penetrating, with powers of mind matured beyond the ordinary reach of his years, conspicuous was his superiority even then in the little but no less engrossing world of schoolboy days.

"Crowned with the highest honors of his *Alma Mater*, who to-day is not the least among the throng of mourners for one of her most gifted children, he enters for a time an honorable and elevating profession, because he still waited for the sound of that Voice which was soon to speak to his soul in no uncertain way. His decision was taken; he gives himself thoroughly to the work of preparation for his chosen calling; he brings to it the same characteristics as before, and at length, more than twelve years ago, he leaves his seminary-home a priest of God.

"The bulk of his years in the sacred ministry is spent amid the scenes of his youth. How well they were spent, you, the people of Manhattanville, can bear witness. For ten years he lived among you; for ten years he labored for you; for ten years you had before you daily a living illustration of edifying sacerdotal life, of zealous, devoted consecration to the best and holiest interests of you and yours. Always at the post of duty, conscientious and exact in the discharge of every requirement, he ever gave to you unstintingly and unreservedly of the best fruits of a cultured mind and a warm, glowing heart. Eloquent and impressive in public, ever rising equal to any demand upon his talent and his ability, affable and courteous in private, rich and poor, young and old alike felt the charm of a manner and the influence of a personality that never forgot for

one instant the dignity of his high calling. Such was the 'manner of life and conversation' among you of Father JOHN GRADY.

"The story of the last two years, when the scene changes, differs not from that of the other ten. Brief it was, but still it is enough to make the people of Portchester, with their brethren of Manhattanville, realize the loss they this day deplore, and feel, indeed, that the stroke was heavy that quenched in death the young life which promised so many years of usefulness and service in the vineyard of the Lord.

"But God has willed otherwise. Adorable are his ways, and of His judgments there is no gainsaying. It were a vain and idle speculation, after the manner in which a foolish and narrow-sighted world is apt to indulge, to inquire *what might have been.* It is not for the puny reasonings of men to determine even what is best for themselves—to decide what an All-Wise and All-Merciful God reserves to Himself in the inscrutable counsels of His own infinite goodness, when the days of man on earth shall be numbered, and man himself be called to his true and eternal home beyond the skies. Men, indeed, at times busy themselves with childish views and empty theories as to the proper time for those who have achieved what the world calls success to pay the debt of mortality, forgetful that the worldly standard of success is not God's standard, and that there

is something else for man to do, infinitely more necessary, of infinitely greater importance than the winning of name and fame. Was the earthly career of the Babe of Bethlehem himself, forsooth, according to the world's view, a success?

"No! no! Success, then, and the only success, is to do perfectly God's will; to so live that we may ever be ready to hear and to obey His summons; and whether it be in the springtime or noontide of life, or whether it be in the setting years of eventide that we are called on to lay down the arms of our earthly conflict, to leave the rest to the God who disposeth all things wisely and well, and who holds in His hands the destinies of our immortal souls. It is in the light of this great, solemn truth that we must regard the ending of the career of Father JOHN GRADY. He died as he lived, as becometh the priest of God.

"Is not this, then, after all, for you, his afflicted relatives, a comfort and a solace? Is it not for you a precious remembrance and a consoling thought? You have lost a son, a brother, but what has been your loss, it is no presumption to say, will be Heaven's gain. You have lost him, O sorrowing parents, who, perhaps, you had hoped, would watch around your declining years, softening the troubles and trials of the evening of your life, and who would at the last be there to close your eyes in the sleep of death. But it has pleased God to

call him on before, to prepare for you the way and to be for you an intercessor before the footstool of the white throne whence flow all mercy and all love. It is, then, for you, Christian parents, no matter how much you may indulge your natural grief, for that is not wrong, to conceive the hope and the assurance that in giving your son back to God you have done what is best for himself, what is best for yourselves, inasmuch as you have bowed in humble submission to the Divine Will. Need it be said to you, then, parents and relatives: let the memory of him who is gone linger around your homes and your firesides forever. And in the years that are to come let the thought of his worth and his virtues be to you a priceless treasure and a sacred heirloom. Do this, that your end may be, like his, a calm, peaceful repose in the arms of your Lord and your God."

At the conclusion of Dean Mooney's discourse the Archbishop pronounced the final absolution, and the mortal remains of the Rev. JOHN M. GRADY were laid to rest in Calvary.

Memorial Services.

A Seventh Day's Mass of Requiem for the repose of the soul of Father GRADY was sung in St. Joseph's Church, N. Y. The celebrant was the Rev. John B. Salter, a classmate of the deceased priest. The Rev. William O'Neil, of the Church of the Guardian Angels, was deacon, and the Rev. M. A. Nolan, of St. Augustine's Church, sub-deacon. The Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, of the Cathedral, was master of ceremonies.

Month's Mind.

That the work of the Rev. JOHN M. GRADY had endeared him to the clergy and laity among whom he lived and labored was made evident by the large Congregation that assisted on January 24, 1889, at the Solemn Requiem Mass of Month's

Mind offered for the eternal repose of his soul at the Church of the Annunciation, where, for a decade of years, he had labored as curate. The Rev. J. J. Griffin was the celebrant of the Mass, assisted by the Rev. M. A. Nolan and the Rev. J. B. Salter, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively, with the Rev. H. J. Gordon, as master of ceremonies. At the close of Mass, the Rev. W. L. Penny, of Nyack, N. Y., delivered the following touching tribute to his late friend:

"'Thus did this man die, leaving not only to the young men, but also to the nation, the memory of his death for an example of virtue and fortitude.'—II. Mach. vi. 31.

"A few short weeks ago, my dear brethren, a very great number of priests and a very great concourse of people, among whom, no doubt, were many of you, assembled before an altar of the Most High to assist at the Holy and Adorable Sacrifice that was offering for the repose of the soul of a young and highly gifted priest, whose mortal remains lay there in the midst of them. To-day that mortal frame rests in the unbroken silence of the tomb, awaiting the sound of the angel's voice that shall announce the resurrection; and that soul! oh, let us trust it is with its God. The memory of our dear friend is ours, still fondly to cherish;

and so, in accordance with a pious and most useful and consoling custom, we have again come together in God's house, to renew our sacrifice and to pour forth once more our prayers for the eternal peace and happiness of his beloved soul, if so be it stand yet in need of our suffrages. The charity, that would seek to consign to oblivion the memory of the unholy, unites its sweet and fervent voice with that of justice and piety in enjoining us to remember the worthy, '*the dead who die in the Lord.*'

"We must own that death, coming in our midst and carrying away as its victim one well and widely known, and known only to be most highly esteemed for the many noble and distinguished traits of character that made him conspicuous among his associates, gives a shock that is by no means transitory. So very recent are the occasions when we met him full of life, warm-hearted, genial, enthusiastic, and endowed with such manly vigor that he gave promise of many years of usefulness yet to come, that it is only with the utmost difficulty we are enabled to realize that Father GRADY is no more.

"But so it is almost ever. The impression long survives the cause in an event so sad. Even when sickness lays the dear friend low, we build our hopes on youth and strength and an abundance of vitality, and then when the shock comes—*he is dead*—awed and bewildered, we ask, can it be true? And

thus it is: astonishment, surprise, equally with grief and sorrow, are always awakened by the touch of death's icy hand.

"But Memory, kind in her loving offices, seeking to soften the blow and lessen the sadness, hesitates still to hold him dead, and so she turns our thoughts to those ennobling qualities that in life endeared him to us. Those who knew Father GRADY well, know, too, that it would be his wish that no words of eulogy should be spoken over him. Willing himself, of his charity, to perform such an affectionate but sad duty for any brother-priest who might be called away before the summons should come to himself, he, nevertheless, would prefer that his own life-work should be allowed to pass without any words of praise, trusting only, in the depths of his heart, that it might receive due recognition from the Heavenly Father to whom it was consecrated. But, then, we may answer such worthy thought by saying that surely those virtues and excellences that fit a soul for Heaven may well, and with profit to us who survive, be recalled and remembered on earth.

"Father GRADY was born in this city on March 12th, 1851. He received his earlier education in the parochial school attached to St. James' Church. Having passed with distinction and credit to himself through the different grades of that school, and then with like success through De La Salle Insti-

tute, he entered this far-famed institution of learning that adjoins your church.

"It may not seem meet on an occasion so public as this to enter the sacred precincts of the family, but yet the key to Father GRADY'S true character could not otherwise be given. For while the sound Christian education imparted by those noble, self-sacrificing teachers of youth, the Christian Brothers, did much to make him a man of sterling worth, yet let it be remembered that the foundation of his marked virtues and excellent traits was laid by the hearthstone of a truly Catholic home. The first lessons of love and obedience, of reverence and duty, of truth and principle, he learned from the examples and teachings of devoted and conscientious parents. And these lessons threw a light across his path that enabled him later on to turn the bright talents he had received, and which his studies so richly developed, to the best purposes for God's service and the good of others.

"His college course was brilliant, and I think it no exaggeration to say that, when grand old 'Manhattan,' recognizing his superior attainments, bestowed upon him the highest honors of his class, she did an honor to herself as well. She never graduated a nobler son; and well, indeed, might that *Alma Mater* have watched and felt a deep interest in his future career, and been justly proud of the success he attained.

"JOHN M. GRADY, the youthful medal man of his class, went forth from her maternal shelter in June, 1869, bearing with him the earnest wishes of his devoted preceptors that his future might realize the great hopes his talents justified them in entertaining of him. It is needless to say, they were not disappointed. He was then about eighteen years of age. He engaged at once in that pursuit that seemed so congenial to him, and for which he was now admirably equipped. What more natural, he having learned the value of education, than that he should desire to impart to others its advantages? For a term, then, of about three years he devoted himself faithfully and conscientiously to the arduous duties of that noble avocation, his abilities securing for him almost at once the responsible position of vice-principal of an important public school.

"During these years many and enticing were the inducements held out to him to give to some secular pursuit or profession the benefits of his talents; and from what we know of their high order, may we not justly infer that, had he listened to these tempting voices, had he entered any of the liberal secular professions, or devoted his energies to any other honorable walk of life, he very soon would have advanced to prominence? A light such as his could not be hid under a bushel, and even without the impetus of worthy ambition he would have met with honor and distinction. As a young man, or

rather, should I say, even as a youth, he seemed to have been acknowledged by men of the world, many years his seniors, as a leader. And those men, themselves well schooled in affairs of secular interest, often and eagerly sought counsel and advice from the youth who had no voice in the management of those affairs. And here permit me to say, had not that bright young man been possessed, even then, of those sterling qualities of mind that in maturer years attracted wider attention, he might easily have fallen a prey to vanity and self-conceit; such was the adulation and flattery bestowed by those who, recognizing his mental gifts, sought, honestly enough, to enlist them in those affairs in which they themselves were mostly interested. Does it not but too often happen that, under similar circumstances, bright and promising youths have their heads turned, and their usefulness spoiled, because of their want of mental balance? But not so with him. He saw, at that early age even, the hollowness and emptiness of all this, and, though dazzling the prospective glory that strongly tempted him, he still kept himself unpledged, awaiting in ardent hope the distinct sound of that voice that should call him to a higher and holier service than that of the world.

"The whispering of that voice he never doubted. It was only the question in his own mind of his worthiness that caused him to hesitate. He even then had a most exalted idea of what a priest ought

to be to be true to his vocation, and the thought of rushing forward to the sanctuary of God, merely because of a wish, or because of a certain course of studies made, was something he could not brook. How eloquently did he voice this sentiment, when in a sermon he delivered not very long ago he said that 'it were a most deplorable mistake to suppose that preparation for the priesthood meant but the special application and devotion of a few years to particular studies, and to a certain prescribed rule of living. It is, or it ought to be,' he said, 'the application and study of a whole life.' And when in that same fervent discourse he declared that 'the vocation to the priesthood was not an emotion, not a sudden movement even under the impulse of grace, by which one determines to give up the world and devote himself to the special service of the altar,' but is 'rather the outcome of the natural growth of large infusion of graces,' extending over a long period of time, he but told of the deep conviction of his own youthful heart at a time when, on the one hand, the world held out to him the most flattering and encouraging prospects, while on the other he felt that he heard a voice calling to him as it did to Samuel of old. But he wished thoroughly to test the natural leaning of his heart. He would first be sure, and then he would go ahead. And this accounts for these years between the time of his graduation and his

entrance into the seminary that were spent in the world. And, my dear brethren, that they were years by no means unprofitably spent, I am happy to be able to testify. It was during these days that I first became acquainted with him, and I know that his student-habits filled up the hours left free by his other duties.

"He entered St. Joseph's Seminary, at Troy, in September, 1873. As might well be expected, he passed through the prescribed course of that institution with brilliant success. As became one who understood the importance of the great work for which he was preparing, his conduct was most exemplary, winning for him the highest commendation of the faculty, and drawing to him a host of warm friends among the students. He was ordained priest in June, 1876.

"And, now, of his career from that happy day down to Christmas last, when, commending his pure and fervent soul into the hands of his God, he departed this life, what shall I say? The record of those years is but the record of fidelity in the service of God, to which he consecrated his life. It sparkles with good works, acts of kindness, benevolence, and charity. Faithful devotion, conscientious discharge of every duty, exemplary piety and priestly zeal mark that career as one that we shall long love to recall and point out as worthy of emulation. And during the course of its little more

than twelve years, how honest and straightforward, how unostentatious and unobtrusive is his work! He well understood that the perfection of priestly life rested not so much in attempting or accomplishing great things, as it did in discharging faithfully and well the ordinary duties of that life. And so to these he devoted himself. Of him how truthfully may it be said that he was a model priest, 'a good minister of Jesus Christ, nourished up in the words of faith and the good doctrine' to which he attained! Assuredly, dear brethren, there is no calling in life in which fitness depends more upon personal good character than that of the priesthood. Without goodness of soul, what were talents, knowledge, genius, or even zeal in the priest of God? Fully appreciating the sanctity of his calling, he could never forget that he was a priest, and therefore at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances what was becoming the true priest was manifest in him.

"Giving his heart and his soul to his work, it made little difference to him where he labored, for his labor was for the good of souls. So therefore, when ordered by his ecclesiastical superior to go from this parish, where he served for so many years, and where he gave such abundance of edification, to a new field of labor, he went willingly, although so deeply attached, and by so many endearing ties, to this place. But choice of him for that new field

was but a proof of the estimate placed upon his character, and of the confidence reposed in him by his superior.

To his labors here in your midst, it is scarcely necessary to allude. You must still remember his kind and affectionate disposition. You must still recall with what plainness and simplicity he instructed the ignorant; with what fidelity and charity he admonished the wayward and strove to lead them back to virtue; with what considerate tenderness he comforted and consoled the afflicted; how prompt he was at the altar; how faithful in the confessional; how gentle and patient towards all. No matter with whom he might be dealing, whether poor or unlettered, whether rich or educated, whether student, or man of the world, or brother priest: such was invariably his conduct, that he was sure to win the commendations that a kind, considerate, self-respecting, true priest deserves.

"His natural talents, to which I have barely referred, were well disciplined by a thorough education, kept bright by careful and judicious exercise, and regulated by good judgment and taste. Notwithstanding the many and varied duties that go to make up the routine of a priest's daily life, and that demand so much of his attention, yet Father GRADY was a man of study. Possessed of a retentive memory, whatever he read that he thought worth remembering he could readily call into use as occasion

required. In argument he was quick to grasp the leading points, and his answers, logically arranged, were generally convincing. As it was never his habit to hazard an opinion, he would never touch a question upon which he was not well informed. It was this well known characteristic, which his love of truth and logic developed in him, that made his opinions always respected by others, whether priests or laymen.

"As a preacher he was really eloquent, his matter being presented in choice, simple, and appropriate language, that made whatever he had to say interesting to his hearers. His manner in the pulpit was natural and pleasing, and yet dignified. His fine, manly form, his honest, open countenance, his animated appearance, his command of language, the fervid words coming up from a heart warm with love, his well-modulated voice, all combined to make him a pulpit orator whose utterances were listened to with pleasure and profit. Earnestness in the hope of accomplishing good made him disdain to seek for effect. Filled himself with whatever subject he handled, his only aim was to impress its importance on the minds of his hearers, that they might benefit the most by it. A consciousness of right strengthened his every effort. Such, then, dear brethren, is a summary in brief, an analysis imperfect indeed, of the character of a most worthy priest, in whose death our diocese has sustained a severe loss; for men like him, able

and ever ready with pen or speech to champion the cause of God's faith, are unhappily too few.

"The action taken by the Alumni Association of his college, the highly eulogistic words spoken of him by classmates, of the clergy and laity, the warm expression of sympathy uttered by other bodies with which he was associated, all testify to the high esteem in which he was universally held. He never entered any organization to which he did not bring credit, and to whose welfare he did not largely contribute. He studied the good that was possible in such societies, and with deep earnestness did he devote as much of his time and of his energy as he could to their advancement. This is especially true of his connection with the 'Catholic Young Men's National Union,' of which at the time of his death he was the honored and distinguished president. And here, now, it may be said of him as was said of Eleazar in the Book of Machabees, 'Thus did this man die, leaving not only to the young men, but also to the whole nation, the memory of his death for an example of virtue and fortitude.'

"He is now beyond the frowns or the flatteries of this fickle world. 'Our tears affect him not, our praises avail him not.' We mourn a loss deep and wide. To say of a departed one that he was good is often but to utter a commonplace that charity usually suggests; but to say of him, our departed friend, Father JOHN GRADY, that *he* was good, is to

say only what justice to his whole character demands.

"As a scholar none will deny him eminence; as a preacher none will deny him greatness; as a friend none will deny him excellence; as a priest none will question his piety, his devotion, and his zeal.

"Shall I ask you to pray for him? It would seem almost superfluous, for Christian gratitude tells us it is the only means we have of repaying the inestimable services his self-sacrifice and devotion rendered.

"His image is before you, never dearer, perhaps, than now that he is gone. Fond memory calls it back; and thus shall grateful memory ever hold it, the image, namely, of a wise counsellor, a warm and generous friend, an eloquent preacher, a patient confessor, a pious and edifying minister of God's sacraments, a noble character, a true, faithful, and model priest. Good and faithful servant, thou hast done well; and we pray that the Master whom thou didst serve hath already bid thee 'enter into the joy of the Lord.' Amen."

A solemn Mass of Requiem in month's mind of Father GRADY was also celebrated at St. Stephen's on Friday, January 25, at 9 o'clock. The celebrant was the Rev. Charles H. Colton, who was ordained with Father GRADY, with the Rev. Maurice Dougherty (also a classmate) as deacon, the Rev. Andrew Connick as sub-deacon, and the Rev. John Chidwick as master of ceremonies.

Before pronouncing the absolution Father Colton made the following remarks:—

"If frequent and solemn remembrances of the departed be any criterion of their worth, then the Reverend JOHN M. GRADY, who died one month ago to-day, was a priest with a reputation and esteem of which those older in the ministry and higher in station might justly be proud. For the tenth time or more the solemn requiem is sung and the Saving Host is offered for him who for more than twelve years was faithful in offering it for others. Words of eloquent eulogy have been pronounced in the great cathedral and in various churches of this city; young and old, great and lowly, rich and poor have come frequently together to honor his memory, and so we to-day, in the home circle and 'round the family hearth-stone,' pay our tribute to dead and living at once, in

adding our praise and prayers for the departed, and in trying to assuage the grief and pain of those who most deeply mourn his loss.

"We priests of St. Stephen's, together with those who, like myself, were advanced to priesthood with him, would to-day add our meed of praise to a memory so universally venerated, and speak our love for him who was so justly loved by all. It was the privilege of some of us, as fellow-students for the priesthood, to know him more intimately than others. In saying that we felt this association with him to be an honor, I am sure I only voice the sentiments of all. His great and varied talents commanded our admiration, and his diligent use of them prompted our emulation. His ever manly, frank, and noble conduct secured our respect, while his natural and unaffected piety added a charm to his character that made him in all eyes a model for imitation. Upon such foundations we felt there must in time be reared a priesthood that would bring honor to our distinguished classmate, as well as usefulness and credit to the Church in general. Nor were we disappointed. Father GRADY became a remarkable priest. He was learned, zealous, holy; pre-eminently courteous, kind, and affable; he was faithful and earnest in the duties of his calling; a credit to his parents and family, a glory to his preceptors, and, wherever he went, an honor to himself and his station.

"His eloquent voice and scholarly diction will not soon be forgotten. His words were not confined to one parish, nor to the limits of this, his native diocese. In his position as president of the Catholic Young Men's National Union they went throughout the country, a source of enlightenment and strength to thousands who heard or read them. The young men have met an irreparable loss, and all, both priests and people, have been deprived by his death of the good offices of one who was capable and willing to aid them with wise counsels and great works. All of us had expected him in time to rise to those high stations which his talents and general worth foreshadowed, but an All-Wise Providence has decreed otherwise. It is our loss, his gain. Truly is it seen from him, that wisdom is not necessarily that of gray hairs, and that in a short space can be fulfilled a long time.

"He has gone to an early grave, but glory casts her shadows behind him. He was a man among men, and a priest among priests. In his death the people of Manhattanville and the college authorities have a cause of renewed and lasting regret; while the good people of Portchester, of all creeds, are inconsolable. To those who mourn him most, his fond parents, loving brothers and sister, be our deepest and lasting sympathy. God alone, who knows the great depth of their sorrow, can sustain them. To Him we wisely commend

them. Their prayers must be the consoling link that will keep them united henceforth to the one they so dearly loved—their son, their brother, their priest forever; while for ourselves, let us by frequent mementos of him keep green a memory and a life we will do well to try to imitate."

Memorial Meeting of the Alumni.

At a special meeting of the Alumni Association of Manhattan College, called to take action on the death of their late president, it was unanimously resolved that a memorial meeting be held by the Alumni Society, to give public acknowledgment to the many great services rendered the Association by Father GRADY and to do honor to his memory. Accordingly the Alumni Association attended in a body the services at the Cathedral on the day of burial, and also the solemn services in Month's Mind at the Church of the Annunciation, January 24, 1889.

Immediately after the Month's Mind Mass of Requiem at the Church of the Annunciation, Manhattanville, a memorial service was held in the College Hall by the Manhattan Alumni Society, in presence of a large number of friends of Father GRADY. Brother Justin, President of the College, paid a touching tribute to Father GRADY and introduced the Rev. T. J. McCluskey, President of the Manhat-

tan Alumni Society, who spoke with much feeling of the great loss that all had sustained in the death of the Rev. Father GRADY, to whom the lines of the poet were most applicable:

> "None knew him but to love him,
> None named him but to praise."

The Rev. John B. Salter, President of the Memorial Committee, then read these resolutions, adopted by the Alumni Society at a special meeting called for that purpose:

"WHEREAS, It has pleased God to take from us our friend and dear brother, the Rev. JOHN MITCHEL GRADY, late president of this Alumni Society; and

"WHEREAS, Father GRADY has deserved so well of this Society by the interest taken by him in its formation and the efforts made by him to aid its progress, sparing neither time nor self to accomplish that end; and

"WHEREAS, This Alumni Society is deeply sensible of the great prosperity attained by it under his wise and able administration of its affairs as president, be it

"RESOLVED, That in the death of Father GRADY this Alumni Society has suffered the loss of one of its ablest, most energetic members; be it, moreover,

"RESOLVED, That our *Alma Mater* has lost one of her noblest children; and be it furthermore

"RESOLVED, That to preserve among her sons, our brothers, the memory of the virtues and the worth of Father GRADY, this Alumni Society found a prize, to be called "The GRADY Memorial Prize," to be bestowed annually on the student of Manhattan College who shall distinguish himself by excellence in oratory; and also be it

"RESOLVED, That a Memorial Volume be printed by this Society, as a token of the esteem in which the memory of Father GRADY is held by its members; and be it finally

"RESOLVED, That we sympathize deeply with the parents and relatives of Father GRADY in their bereavement."

Brother James, of the Sacred Heart Academy, Westchester, who taught Father GRADY twenty-three years ago, delivered the following appreciative address:

"With feelings of deep emotion I rise to take part in these memorial exercises. While gazing upon the signs of mourning that surround us, I cannot but contrast the present with the past. Manhattan's celebrations are usually of a bright and festive character. These walls are wont to resound to joyous strains of music and of song. But to-day the scene is changed. The Church's solemn Requiem reminds us of the dead. Your presence here, your subdued voices, your sad countenances, all alike proclaim:

'He was our friend, generous and true, and he has passed, leaving a void unfilled and a pang unsoothed.'

"As one of his teachers, nearly a quarter of a century ago, I, too, would render public testimony to the worth of him whom we recall in to-day's commemoration. I wish to mingle with your evidences of love and esteem the offering of a friend's sorrow and tears. To me the performance of this duty is not a mere ceremony. It is the expression of a heart deeply touched with grief at the loss of a long-cherished friend.

"I well remember the bright young lad of 16 or 17 years, applying for admission to the Collegiate Department of Manhattan in 1866. He came from old De La Salle Institute. His affable manners, gentle character, courteous demeanor, as well as his careful attention to study, soon won him many friends. He took at once a leading position in his several classes, and maintained that position throughout the entire course.

"He possessed undoubted ability, and he soon learned that the possession involved grave responsibility. His intense application to study showed how well he realized that he would one day be called upon to give an account of the talents so liberally bestowed upon him by his Maker. He was convinced that in our earthly pilgrimage, be its route what it may, there is no royal road to success. 'In

the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' was a truth he had taken to heart in childhood's tenderest years. He understood, and frequently said, that those who make their mark upon their age do so, not by self-indulgence, but by arduous labor, self-sacrifice and an indomitable will. This last trait he early discovered to be the secret of their success. *They had willed it.* It was their will-power that had crowned them with the laurel wreath of victory. He knew it, he felt it, and he glowed with similar aspirations. But knowing well that he who wills the end also wills the means to attain that end, he never shirked a point of duty. And he was not content with merely wishing; for him, to will and to do were one and the same.

"In our colleges we frequently find a class of young men who would study by proxy. They desire knowledge. They would fain acquire learning. But lacking that will-power which imparts life and energy to mental action, they would have others do their work. Quietly resting on their oars, they leave their professors to do the thinking. Into such a state of lassitude do they sometimes fall, that if they could find a means of supplying nutrition without the trouble of mastication, I verily believe they would adopt it. It is such would-be scholars that draw upon many of our colleges censure from men of thought. But I am happy to say that the Rev. Father GRADY was not of the class of students who

claim such indulgence. He loved to do his own thinking. With him study and thought were synonymous. Hence he was pleased with Manhattan twenty year ago; for it did not make things too easy for its students.

It was Father GRADY'S conviction that no amount of teaching will make the scholar. The scholar must make himself. It is his own energy and perseverance, his own pluck and force of will, that must pull him through the intricacies of his studies, and give him the education that avails. And as he willed a good education he willed the means to attain it. He brought hard study to bear upon that intellectual effort—he brought perseverance. He did not give up at the first difficulty. He met all difficulties bravely, and God blessed his efforts. His was a noble character, doubly enriched both by study and nature.

"It was not, however, solely as the student and the scholar that our dear deceased impressed all who knew him at Manhattan. In the youth of tender years there appeared all the traits of future greatness. Manliness, love of truth and justice, lively faith, charity to all, plainly marked him as their own. But back of all these characteristics might be noticed that same will-power which influenced his studies, giving form and color to his every act. He willed to be a man, and, therefore, practised manliness. He was open, candid to a fault,

To his mind, every act of self-indulgence was an act of slavery. Such an act would divert him from his purpose. It would weaken his will. It would undermine his manhood. He was convinced that, on this point, no compromise was possible—that he could not say to himself, 'I will indulge in this vice or that, in this passion or that, but at the same time I will build myself up a man.' That, he knew, would be an impossibility. History as well as daily experience furnished him with many examples of those who had started out in life with some such compromise. They had said: 'I will go so far, and no farther.' But being weak in will, and strong in nature, they had fallen. Their sad and awful ending made a lasting impression on his youthful mind. Hence, long before he heard the voice that called him to the holy and sublime office of the priesthood, he understood the essence of manhood to be self-control. Even at that early age he seemed to realize that he who cannot control himself in the presence of temptation lacks all true manhood.

"Side by side, and closely linked with this self-control, there shone a remarkable love of truth and justice. For him the allurements of error and deceit had no attraction. In his studies he sought to know the truth, whole and entire. In his dealings with his teachers and companions he dared to tell the truth. When he gave his word he kept it. Nor did he wish to sail under false colors. That

which he appeared to be before others, his conscience testified he was. His qualities of mind and heart, and they were rare indeed, were neither hidden under a bushel, nor proclaimed from the housetop. In all humility and simplicity he acted well his part. Unlike the majority of students, he manifested great indifference to the applause or praise of others, and even strongly objected to it when he saw it tendered undeserved. He did not belong to that large class of men who, says Dr. Johnson, waste a great part of their lives in vain attempts to display qualities which they do not possess, or to gain applause they cannot keep.

"From the foregoing remarks it might appear that with Father GRADY all went well; that the current of life ran on smoothly and unruffled to the ocean of success. But such was not the case. He was human, of the human kind. He had his trials and his difficulties. Even in his school-days he met his little troubles. He found some branches difficult, and some companions bothersome. For him, as well as others, there were temptations to be overcome, and merits to be acquired. But in all his combats he was sustained by a lively faith and an ardent charity. He always did his best, and relied upon God to do the rest.

"My young friends, the undergraduates present, let me ask you to study this model, a few of whose traits I have endeavored to trace. Remember that

he was not an ideal character, one that we read about only in books. Only yesterday was he living, moving, acting in our midst. He graced these halls by his presence. He trod the path you now tread. He was made of the same material. What he has done you can do. Try, then, to cultivate such will-power as he possessed. Beg of God to aid you by his grace; and when temptation and disgust and worry and annoyance seem to submerge you in the winds and the waves of worldly passions—call upon our dear Lord, He is near by, He only seems to sleep; and if you are earnest in your prayers, He will enable you to do the right.

"Bowed down to-day in mute, heart-felt sorrow, your *Alma Mater* points with pride to the admirable character of the Rev. JOHN M. GRADY, one of her eldest and most devoted sons, and bids you emulate his example."

At the conclusion of Brother James's address, the Hon. Edward F. Fagan, A. M., Ph. D., a classmate of Father GRADY, was introduced and spoke as follows:—

"REVEREND GENTLEMEN AND FELLOW-ALUMNI: In some of the rural districts of Ireland, whenever a traveler meets a funeral cortege, he stands with uncovered head, and plucking some wild flowers or blades of grass growing by the wayside, places them upon the bier. Having paid this silent tribute of

respect to the deceased, he turns and resumes his journey. I feel very much in the position of such a traveler to-day. I am exceedingly grateful for this opportunity of offering my humble tribute to the memory of one who was a dear companion of my youth and a bosom friend for more than a quarter of a century.

"While others by their chaste eloquence and exquisite diction have covered his bier with most fragrant garlands, I have but a few simple blossoms or tiny grass-blades to offer. They are, however, symbols of heart-throbs moistened by the tears of sincerity and love.

"We have assembled in response to one of the noblest elements of our nature to express our affection and respect for the good young priest whose memory we honor and hold in benediction, though conscious to ourselves that he has joined the innumerable caravan that has passed beyond the station where human reverence can reach him. This occasion is a memorial of our esteem for the moral worth, manly virtues, and exalted character of the late Rev. John Mitchel Grady. It is a dark day for our *Alma Mater*. A sword of sorrow has pierced her heart. She has put on the weeds of mourning. She bows her head in profound grief, and like Rachel of old bewails the loss of a cherished son, because he is not. Yes, Fellow-Alumni, she has lost an affec-

tionate son, we, a beloved brother. His spirit has winged its flight to the mysterious realms

"'Above the smoke
And stir of this dim spot which men call earth.'

"He has run his course, his crown is won, his harvest has been gathered. No more shall the scenes in which he used to move be enlivened by his presence; no more shall his bereaved parents, brothers, and sister look forward to his coming to grace the family board, or cheer the quiet circle seated around the hearthstone; no more shall his associates and friends enjoy the sweet smile and genial companionship which lent so much cordiality and sunshine to their every meeting; no more shall the people among whom and for whom he labored so constantly, zealously, and effectually feel the marvelous influence of his efforts to supply their spiritual needs and to ameliorate their social condition. Never again shall that voice, the glowing accents of which have echoed forth so often and so eloquently in learned discourses and brilliant expositions of the revealed truth, be heard from the sacred pulpit of God's temple. All has passed away; all is hushed in the solemn stillness of the tomb. But, Fellow-Alumni, it has been said that the grave is the ordeal of true affection. In such event we cannot do better than to allow this burst of sadness to melt away or become softened into the tenderest recollec-

tions. Our love for Father GRADY will thereby prove more lasting. It will survive our earthly sojourn. He was so closely allied to us in bonds of friendship that we will come to regard such love as one of the attributes of our souls. Though taken from our midst, therefore, he will not be forgotten. There is a remembrance of the dead which transcends the narrow confines of the tomb and makes us feel as if we lived over again with the departed one the charms and incidents of days gone by, but in a more elevated and purified atmosphere.

"Father GRADY was a man who 'might be a copy to these younger times.' He was a manly man, who always deserved, and never failed to command the respect of those with whom he came in contact. There was no ostentation or self-conceit about him. His heart, to which access was easy, was an open book, readable at all times. Even in boyhood, when whatever is vain or selfish in our nature is likely to manifest itself through the petty spleens and jealousies of competitive action, he was wont to display a magnanimity and gentleness of disposition which elicited the admiration of his classmates and companions, and gained for him the foremost place in their affections.

"His mental gifts comprised talent and sense. The former a comparative facility of acquiring, applying, and arranging the stock existing in books and other conservatories of intellect, the latter a just

balance of the faculties, which is to the judgment what health is to the body, in which the mind, acting by a synthetic rather than analytic process, perceives, so to speak, by a peculiar tact or intuition. Quick, apt, and retentive, he kept up his reputation for solid work, and at the close of his collegiate studies was graduated with distinguished honors.

"Hearkening to the whispering voice of God in his soul, he entered St. Joseph's Theological Seminary at Troy, and was ordained priest on the 10th of June, 1876. From that happy moment we behold Father GRADY in the vineyard of Christ, discharging his sacerdotal functions with a zeal, dignity, and exactness calculated to impress the laity with an idea of the grandeur of the sacred mysteries, and to awaken in them an appreciation of the beauty and loveliness of our holy religion. He was instant in season and out of season, with a heart and soul wrapped up in his work. He spared himself no pains to minister to the flock committed to his care and to spread God's kingdom upon earth. You, Christian Brothers, and many of you, Fellow-Alumni, during the ten years of his mission here in Manhattanville, have had ample evidence of the deep earnestness and loving sympathy with which he strove to bring back to the fold of the true Shepherd those who had fallen exhausted by the roadside, or wandered away from the path of righteousness. You can bear testimony to his worth.

You have discerned the universality and precision of conception, the logical process of thought, the copiousness and elegance of diction, which, together with the mastery of his theme by profound study and mature reflection, made his sermons and lectures models of comprehensive and forcible appeal to the judgment of his hearers. His ability as a pulpit orator was great and recognized on all sides. He never tired of doing good, and delighted to mingle with the children of men, to promote their spiritual comfort, and unite them in bonds of social goodfellowship, because, forsooth, he understood the value and necessity of concerted action. He identified himself with many organizations which had for their object the advancement of Catholic interests, and into every movement he entered he threw all his energy, his whole being. There was no lukewarmness in his nature. He was determined upon whatever he undertook, and never rested until it was accomplished. Our own Alumni Society, of which he was one of the founders and the honored president for several years, owes much of its success to his prudent counsel, unremitting activity, and administrative skill. He evinced the deepest interest in its progress, and was especially solicitous to enlarge its membership and widen its influence.

"Into a compass of less than two score of years he pressed a vast amount of usefulness, and his soul

was doubtless inflamed with a holy ambition to achieve even greater results in the reclamation of fallen humanity from the ways of error and vice; but God, who disposes all things well, deemed his career sufficiently rounded and called him to his reward.

"The mortal remains of Father GRADY have been consigned to their last resting place. With the natural eye the material changes can be observed, as the body decays and moulders away into its primitive elements. But with the eye of faith we are enabled to follow the spirit; and behold, we see it mounting upwards to the heavenly throne, there to enjoy the Beatific Vision for all eternity. Let his example not be lost upon us. Let us treasure his memory in our heart of hearts. And when the dread summons comes to each of us to render an account of our stewardship, may we be sustained and soothed by the same unfaltering trust which characterized the last moments of our beloved brother on earth, and gave him a foretaste of the celestial happiness into which his soul so peacefully entered."

Memorial Proceeding of the C. Y. M. N. U.

As Father GRADY at the time of his death was the president of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, it was determined to hold a public meeting of that organization, to give public expression to their sorrow at his loss. The following was the programme of the exercises held in Chickering Hall, New York, in accordance with that resolution:—

—C. Y. M. N. U.—

God and our Neighbor.

Public Meeting, Wednesday evening, Jan. 30, 1889.

Chairman: The Rev. M. J. LAVELLE,
President of the Archdiocesan Union.

1. *OVERTURE*, - - - - - - - *Organ*
2. *ADDRESS*, - - - - *Rev. D. J. Stafford*, *President C. Y. M. N. U.*
3. *SELECTION*, - - - - - - *Orchestra*
4. *ADDRESS*, - - *Mr. Philip A. Clarkin, LL. B.*
5. "*THE LOST CHORD.*"—*Sullivan*, - - *Organ*
6. *ADDRESS*, - - - - *Rev. R. J. Keefe* *Holy Cross Union*
7. *SELECTION*, - - - - *Orchestra*
8. *ADDRESS*, - - *Hon. Bourke Cockran, M. C.*

FINALE.

ORGAN SOLOS BY REV. JOHN A. KELLNER.

ORCHESTRA: MEMBERS OF CATHEDRAL LITERARY UNION.

The Rev. D. J. Stafford and the Rev. R. J. Keefe, of New York, referred briefly to Father GRADY'S connection with the National Union, and eulogized his efforts to advance its interests. The Hon. W. Bourke Cockran delivered an eloquent address extolling the merits of Father GRADY. He drew a touching picture of the sadness brought by his death to the loving heart of a mother who had been devoted to this son, and swayed his audience at will as he recounted the many noble deeds of Father GRADY. It is a matter of regret that his words were not preserved.

Mr. Philip A. Clarkin, A. M., LL. B., spoke as follows:—

"The richest gems of genius are encased in the language of death-tributes. Poets never sang more sweetly, orators never discoursed more eloquently than when they drew their inspiration from the grave. The pæans of victory and the revelry of mirth fall harshly on the ear and pass away, but the tender elegy penetrates the heart and plants its sentiments so deeply in the mind, that they bloom in verdure long after the reminiscences of youth itself have been forgotten.

"As priest, theologian, and orator, the name of JOHN MITCHEL GRADY will ever figure conspic-

uously in the annals of this diocese; but to the young men whom he loved and among whom he labored that name has a peculiar significance, which only a beneficiary can appreciate. Humble though it be, no page in history shines more brilliantly with the achievements of a national favorite than does the tablet on which to-night we inscribe the tribute of our gratitude, love, and admiration for the honored dead.

"'While others by their eloquence cover his tomb with the choicest garlands of flowers,' the Catholic young men of this city have a few simple blossoms gathered by the wayside to lay at the portals of the grave. 'They are the symbols of heart-throbs bedewed by the tears of affection,' and they carry with them the story of how he won our esteem and admiration. No eulogy, no word of praise, no funeral pile is needed to endear Father GRADY to our memory. The recollection of his genial presence and the brilliancy of his example, which during life inspired our societies to renewed efforts and courageous endeavors, will, together with the rich fruits of his incessant labors, give lustre to his name and perpetuity to his memory.

"Father GRADY'S labors in behalf of young men deserve more than a passing attention. A true Catholic priest, he was a loyal American citizen, who rose to the highest Christian statesmanship,

with the best interests of the country in view and fearful for the welfare of its people and its institutions. A keen and far-reaching vision enabled him to embrace in one comprehensive glance the present and future necessities of the people. But while he pointed out the illuminated vistas of possible glory, he never lost an opportunity to speak a word of caution to the men of the present. He saw about him on every side the evidence of a rapid decay, and while others labored zealously to check the progress of the disease, he, with boldness and courage, essayed to destroy the root of the evil.

"The young man of to-day was the subject of his constant meditation. How were Catholic youth to be saved from the floodtide of indifferentism which hourly is sweeping onward to inevitable destruction men whom we deemed safely rooted in Faith? Father GRADY'S ready mind aptly solved the problem. It evolved an ideal—not the ideal of the dreamy visionary, but the offspring of practical experience and long deliberation. He would place about youth the barriers of a reasonable restraint,—not those barriers which destroy the liberality of thought and weaken the force of truth, but those which would be safeguards against the overwhelming torrent.

"'In union there is strength,' and 'this is the age of organization,' are proverbs pregnant with truth. Underlying them is a principle which gave

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birth to this greatest of republics, and realized for the first time in history the fond but hitherto visionary schemes of the ancient lovers of the people. It was Father GRADY'S intention to take advantage of this progressive and concentrative spirit of the age, and mould altogether into one solid mass all those admirable elements which go to make up the genius, strength, and nobility of this generation. The force of edifying example, the attractions of good fellowship, the guaranty of a speedy acquirement of useful knowledge, the inculcation of a true spirit of philanthropy, the instilling into every heart of a desire to aid and elevate humanity,—in a word, to bind all together in an indissoluble union of Faith and Fraternity,—this was the end and aim of Father GRADY'S earnest activity, the result of his years of study and observation.

"In pursuit of that ideal he came out boldly and aggressively as the champion and defender of the Catholic youth; and so earnest was his championship of our cause, that already the Catholic public seem to have realized the fact of our permanent and national existence.

"Father GRADY stood in the front rank of our organization. He never wavered and he never swerved. By conscientious devotion to great principles, by grace of diction and solidity of knowledge, and by keen penetration and firm grasp

of intellect he won and held the admiration of every member of the Union.

"Let us hope that the Catholic Young Men's National Union, guided by Father GRADY'S spirit, shall be enabled to realize his ideal, and to rear an everlasting monument to his memory, a memorial of this zealous priest and true leader, rising like some great mountain peak, 'firm as the earth beneath, pure as the stars above,' towering high above the whole land, and reaching from the portals of light to the sunset of glory."

At the Manhattan College Alumni Dinner, Feb. 7, 1889, in response to the toast "The National Union of Catholic Young Men's Societies," the Rev. M. J. Lavelle, President of the New York Archdiocesan Union, spoke as follows of Father GRADY:—

"MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: It would not be my privilege to answer this toast on the present occasion, did we not miss from our board one who never was absent before, and who, happier than we, is seated to-night at the eternal banquet wherewith God regales forever his elect. Words cannot express, our hearts can only feel in silence, the love with which we cherish the memory, the regret with which we have borne the loss, of the Rev. JOHN M. GRADY, president of the National Union of Catholic Young Men's Societies.

"How well we remember him! His face was

beauty, his form was grace, the grasp of his hand was brotherly love. It is twenty years since this Alumni Society was formed. He was present at its first meeting, and I cannot learn that he ever missed one of its gatherings, until Almighty God chose to call him to Himself. He knew every member of this Society by name, and by heart as well. For in his presence the youngest graduate felt at home, and loved his *Alma Mater* better for having produced such a noble type of priest and man. During five terms he occupied our presidential chair. And every year of his leadership was marked by some new triumph for our Society. In the ranks he was no less active than at the head. I can speak on this point from personal experience. At one period, not very long ago, you chose me to carry your banner. And it was then, more than at any period of my acquaintance with him, that I learned the wisdom in counsel, and the indefatigable energy in action, of Father GRADY.

"He was a born leader of men. The very first time he appeared at a convention of the Young Men's Societies he was unanimously chosen president of the National Union. How the cause which strives for the social and moral welfare of our golden youth thrived under his management, you know full well. At the Convention in Cincinnati, last June, he was re-elected, by acclamation. The principal paper of the Queen City of the West declared that

a more dignified, courteous, and able officer had never guided the deliberations of a Convention in Cincinnati.

"Little did they dream who saw him then and there, the very ideal of manly strength, the type of Christian zeal, that in six short months his labors would be ended, his crown achieved. Such has been the will of Him we adore and love, at whose feet all our energies are laid. We bow to that sacred Will with humble and entire submission. But at the same time we cherish with fondest recollection the memory of him we have lost. May his abode this night be in peace, and his habitation in holy Sion! May we be ever faithful to his example of devotion, of sterling, manly, priestly catholicity! And may the Young Men of these United Sates have ever for their leaders men worthy to be the successors of him who was so brave, so noble, so true—Father GRADY!"

Finally, at the National Convention of the C. Y. M. N. U. held at Providence, R. I., in September 1889, the following preamble and resolution's were adopted:—

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, during the past year, to call from our midst the noble-hearted, zealous, indefatigable president of this National Union, the REV. JOHN M. GRADY; and

WHEREAS, Father Grady had endeared himself to us all by his devotion to the cause, by his genial

companionship, and by the example of his eminently priestly life; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, that the Catholic Young Men's National Union deplore in his early death the loss of a guide, an advocate, and a friend whose fidelity can never be surpassed; and be it furthermore

RESOLVED, That we cherish his memory in our heart of hearts, as among the happiest recollections of our lives and as an incentive to noble deeds; and be it finally

RESOLVED, That these preambles and resolutions be printed, and official copies transmitted to Father GRADY's bereaved relatives and friends.

At the Public Meeting with which the Convention closed many speakers referred with deep regret to the loss sustained by the National Union by the death of Father GRADY, and Mr. Philip Clarkin, A. M., LL. B., delivered a eulogy which was warmly applauded by the large audience.

Requiescat in Pace.

Subscribers to the Grady Memorial.

Rev. Joseph H. Bigley.
Mr. Henry M. Bowyer.
Rev. Bernard Brady.
" Joseph P. Brennan.
" James M. Byrnes.
Mr. Thomas F. Byrne.
" Edward F. Casey.
Rev. John P. Chidwick.
" Andrew J. Clancy.
Hon. W. Bourke Cockran.
Rev. John B. Creeden.
" Daniel Cunnion.
" M. A. Cunnion.
" Patrick B Dempsey.
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" Joseph Egan.
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Rev. F. M. Fagan.
" W. A. Farrell.
Dr. José M. Ferrer.
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Mr. James J. Grady.
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Mr. Timothy Haggerty.
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" M. J. Lavelle.
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" P. H. McCabe.
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" M. J. McEvoy.
Dr. H. C. McLean.
Rev. Denis J. McMahon.
Dr. John B. McMahon.
Rev. Joseph H. McMahon.
" George F. Marshall.
Mr. D. A. Meaher.
Very Rev. Joseph Mooney.
Rev. John J. Morris.
" John F. Mullaney.
" Lawrence J. Murray.
" M. J. Murray.
" Richard Neagle.
" M. A. Nolan.
Dr. Edwin O'Neil.
Rev. William A. O'Neil.
" D. P. O'Neill.
" John E. O'Shaughnessy.
" William L. Penny.
Dr. John J. Quigley.
Mr. Denis Quinn.
" Pierce J. Quinn.
Rev. John B. Salter.
Mr. James B. F. Smith.
" John R. Smith.
" Thomas W. Smith.
" Charles Walters.
" Richard Walters.
" Thomas F. White.